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"OWED TO THE PRINS OF WALLS."

CONCERNING THE LITIGATION OF THE RECKLESS EDISON OF THE PRINS OF WALLS.

Hale royal Babel! peers like
You come sooner'n you was expected
Enter this mundaun globe ov ours.
Little more'n you'd a ketcher yer muther
A skeetin. What was yer hurry
No how? Did you think that may be
You was wanted? You mite a nade
Yer things wuzent at frogmore, they
Wuz at that other place wher you
Wuz expected in March to salute
His royal hiness the prins of Walls
With yer first holler. I spose likely
You coodent see it, and so you cum
When you gott red, that's the time
Kings durs, but now sence you're
Cum tu life I'm glad uv it. you're
In time for unkel Abes Am
Nesty prockianshun and a good
Menny other things uv genual entrest
Tu the brittishers, and the london
Times is glad tew, leatwise wuz
Wood think sow. Hoo'd a thort
Cept heed a red it in the london times
That the hole world, and more tu, is
Inside uv ingland, and no tite fit
Nuther? and hoo'd a thort that
Thar was only wun baby in the world?
Ain't see got wun? Doo you think
You're better, royal prins, than my
Baby? air you moar uv a surrin?
Two dent doo far yure muther tu
Tawk so in our house; her hare wood
Fli, sartin. Speekin uv yure muther,
she doant treet you nun tu well, now!
What malks you hev tu talk yer meels
Awa from her? air you muther unhealtly?
Or hasent she gott nuthin
For you? ef that's so, it's the first
Dutch wummin uv that kind, shure!
Fact iz, she'd druther not hev you
Bout her; hit wood be tu koomon;
Hit wood be tu much like pore
Foske! She's a settin bad egg
Zampfi, fur ther's wummin in this
Kuntry that'll treet ther babeza in the
Saim wa, thinkin it looks big
Tu hev them tek ther meels awa
From hoam. Gude bi, prins of Walls.

THE WHITE PHANTOM:

OR,

HOUSEHOLD TREASON.

A STORY OF LAND AND SEA.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SECRET CONCLAVE," &c.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE MORNING OF THE TRIAL—LEWIS' APATHY—THE TRIAL—THE PROSECUTOR'S EXAMINATION OF WITNESSES—LEWIS' GUILT BELIEVED BY ALL—MR. RALPH LOCKWOOD ON THE STAND—HIS CROSS EXAMINATION—HE IS HUNG IN AN UNEXPECTED MANNER—ACQUITTAL OF THE PRISONER.

Tax town of Sing Sing was in a state of great excitement on the morning of the trial of Lewis Livingston for the wilful murder of Mr. Leroy. Not that any one had any doubt about the matter, for the whole community looked on Lewis' guilt as certain. But the wealth of the victim, the youth of the offender, and the supposed motives which had caused him to commit the act, had all made a deep impression on the public. At an early hour the court was crowded.

As for Lewis himself, he saw the time for his trial approach with something like apathy. He was entirely ignorant as to the defense to be adopted; but he felt strong in his own innocence, and calmly waited until his innocence should be made manifest. For public opinion he did not care one groat; he knew that Harriet believed him innocent, and that was enough for him.

Harriet Mayhew was more anxious and nervous than anybody else. Mark had not told her his discovery, but in order to assuage her fears he had hinted very strongly that her cousin would be acquitted. Still there appeared to be some doubt about the matter, and until that was satisfied she felt considerable anxiety.

At last the court opened, and the prisoner's counsel declared he was quite ready for trial. The prosecution was conducted by two lawyers of eminence, and one of them immediately opened the case.

He spoke in a calm, dispassionate manner, disdaining all oratory. He gave a plain statement of what he expected to prove. He traced the prisoner from his first entrance into the house. He dwelt particularly on the quarrel and the words which the young man had been heard to utter. He then gave a vivid description of the finding of the body and tracing the blood to where the prisoner had secreted himself. He managed his speech in such a manner that he left the motive to be implied rather than distinctly stated.

When he had concluded, a murmur ran through the court. The jury looked convinced already, and everybody wondered what possible defense could be made against so plain a case. Lewis himself was astonished at the fearful array of circumstantial evidence against him; and glanced at his counsel as if he would read from the expression of their faces whether there was any hope for him. But he could learn nothing from them; they looked grave, and perfectly impassive. As for Harriet, when she heard the counsel's opening address, her heart sank within her, and she gazed in mute despair on her lover.

The first witness called was Ellen Murphy. She deposed that she was a domestic in the employment of the late Mr. Leroy; that on the evening preceding the murder she carried candles into Mr. Leroy's study, and at the moment she opened the door she heard the prisoner at the bar exclaim:—"Mark my words, sir, as sure as you now live you will repent your conduct." She also deposed that as he left the room, he repeated, "You will bitterly repent this infamous proceeding."

When the counsel for the prosecution had obtained the foregoing evidence, he sat down, expecting that his witnesses would have to undergo a severe cross-examination, but to his great surprise the counsel for the defense declined to cross-examine.

Several witnesses were now called, one after the other, who deposed to the finding of the body, and the knife with which the dead had been committed, and the tracing of the blood to the barn where the prisoner was discovered asleep. To the supreme astonishment of all present, the prisoner's counsel did not put a single question to any of these witnesses. The curiosity of the opposing counsel became very great to know what line of defense they would adopt; they almost imagined they had given up altogether all idea of defense.

When the constable had been examined, and reported the speech made by the prisoner, which he asked, before any one had said anything about a murder having been committed, they meant to accuse him of having committed murder," the judge threw down his pen as if it were useless to go on farther.

"Have you any more witnesses for the prosecution?" asked the judge of the prosecuting attorney.

"One more, your honor," replied the lawyer.

"Is it necessary to call him?" replied the judge. "I do not see how you can make your case stronger."

"We propose to show more distinctly, by him, the motive the prisoner had in committing the murder."

"Call Mr. Ralph Lockwood," said the attorney to the clerk of the court.

The name was called and there was a profound silence in the court. The name, position and wealth of the witness had raised everybody's curiosity. The name was called a second time—a slight movement became perceptible in the body of the court, and Mr. Ralph Lockwood stepped into the witness-box. He looked rather pale, but appeared perfectly self-possessed.

"Your name, I believe, is Ralph Lockwood?" said the prosecuting attorney.

"It is."

"Where do you live?"

"At Elm Park, about two miles from the residence of the deceased."

"Did you pay a visit to the deceased on the day that he was murdered?"

"I did."

"Relate what passed at that interview."

"Mr. Leroy told me that his niece had gone out for a sleigh ride with the prisoner. I then told him that the prisoner was a very dissipated young man, and that I had been obliged to forbid him my house some months before; and that since that time he had led a very dissolute life. I also told him that I had seen certain freedom pass between his niece and the prisoner, which he would do well to look after. The deceased then became very angry, and said that he would kick the prisoner out like a dog when he returned home."

"That will do, sir, you may stand down," said the counsel for the prosecution.

"Stop, sir!" said the counsel for the defense, rising for the first time—"I have a few questions to ask you."

An expression of surprise ran through the whole court, in which even the judge participated. It seemed so strange that the counsel for the defense should fix upon such an unimportant witness to cross-examine, when they had not put a single question to any of the others.

"Mr. Lockwood," said Lewis' lawyer, I want you to carry your mind back nearly a year, if you please. Were you at that time acquainted with Dr. Warton?"

"Yes, I was," replied Lewis' step-father, visibly discomposed—"but I do not see what this has to do with the matter in question."

"I am the best judge of that," replied the counsel. "Did you pay Dr. Warton a visit one night last January?"

"I did, what then?" asked Lockwood, almost fiercely.

"Did not Dr. Warton give you two or three bottles containing certain drugs?"

Lockwood turned red and white by turns, but he soon recovered himself.

"I refuse to answer such impertinent questions, and appeal to the court to support me," replied the witness.

"This examination appears to me to be quite foreign to the issue," said the judge, and the witness is at liberty to answer the questions or not, as he sees fit."

"Your Honor," urged Lewis' counsel, "I wish to show that this witness is not credible—such a course is, I believe, open to me. I therefore repeat the question—Did you procure from Dr. Warton on a certain night last January, two bottles containing certain drugs?"

Ralph Lockwood continued to grow more pale and livid.

"I decline to answer," he stammered at last.

"I insist on an answer—it is material to the defense."

"What do you expect to prove by it?" said the judge.

"I expect to be able to prove that this young man is the victim of a base conspiracy; that he has been persecuted by the witness; and I further expect to be able to fix this crime on the guilty parties."

The most intense excitement ran through the court. No one had the least idea what was to come.

"You had better answer the question," said the judge.

"Did procure the two bottles containing the drugs."

"What was the nature of them?"

"One of them was a preparation of hydrocyanic acid, the other of Indian hemp."

"Will you swear that you did not administer some of the contents of one of those bottles to your wife, which killed her?"

"I decline answering any of those questions," said Ralph Lockwood, who was now pale and gasping.

"The court must support the witness in this case," said the judge; "the witness is not bound to criminate himself, and the court further observes that he cannot see what all this has to do with the question. Even supposing all this to be true, it does not exonerate the prisoner at the bar from having committed the murder."

"Of course, I submit with deference to the opinion of the court, and will leave this part of the subject," said Lewis' lawyer. "Especially as I am able to prove all by other witnesses. I will now ask the witness one or two more questions, and then I have done. Does this speech belong to you?" continued the lawyer, holding up the sheath which had been abstracted by Mark.

The wily villain gazed on the evidence of his guilt with a fixed glare. His face assumed a greenish hue—he saw himself hemmed in, and vainly tried to extricate himself. He gasped, but no sounds issued from his lips.

"I will not detain the court longer by an examination of this witness," said the attorney for the defense. Step into the witness box," he added to a lady who was closely veiled, and who had been sitting in a remote part of the court. She obeyed him.

"Raise your veil, madam," said he.

She did so, and revealed the features of Mrs. Lockwood!

"Great God of Heaven!" exclaimed Lockwood the moment he saw her face. "What means this? My wife! am I dreaming? Do the dead come to life again?"

"Mother!" exclaimed the prisoner, "am I awake or asleep? Do you really live? What means this mystery?"

"My own darling boy! I am alive and well. I will explain all to you by-and-by," exclaimed Mrs. Lockwood.

"My aunt!" exclaimed Harriet, and fainted away.

When order was restored in court, Mrs. Lockwood proceeded to make her statement. She told all that the reader is already acquainted with concerning the administering of the drug by her husband. The reader is already aware that he had given her that which produced the semblance of death, instead of, as supposed, the mortal poison. She had been discovered early on the morning following her resuscitation by a gardener attached to the cemetery, lying against the grated entrance of the vault. He had rescued her, and now, fully aware of her husband's perfidy, she had bribed the man to silence, and determined to watch over those she loved. She had taken up her residence in a lone cottage near Elm Park, and had appeared, as we have already seen, several times to her husband. During one of these visits she had taken possession of the will she had left behind her, and which he was about to destroy, and had watched him so closely that she was aware of almost everything that transpired.

"What has all this to do with the innocence of the prisoner at the bar?" exclaimed Lockwood, partially recovered from his state of stupefaction. "I defy you all, now; my wife is not dead, it is therefore conclusive that I did not poison her. No one can accuse me of murder, at any rate."

"You are mistaken, Mr. Lockwood," said the attorney for the defense; "I accuse you of murder, and in proof of it, I beg to hand in a confession made by one John Larkin, and duly attested, in which the said John Larkin confesses that he was the murderer of Mr. Leroy, aided and abetted by Mr. Ralph Lockwood."

Lockwood no sooner heard this than he uttered a loud groan and fell down insensible. A scene of indescribable confusion followed, in the midst of which the judge directed the jury to return a verdict of "not guilty," which was done at once.

The same moment that Lewis Livingston left the felon's dock, his step-father was conveyed into a felon's cell.

We shall not attempt to describe Harriet's joy at her lover's release; nor shall we tell how she threw her arms round his neck and kissed him when they were alone. Lewis at that moment was the happiest man in the world, for he was restored to his beloved, and a fond, dotting mother, whom he had mourned for as dead.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE SENTENCE OF THE CONDEMNED—HIS LAST HOURS—THE BUILDING OF THE GALLOWES—LOCKWOOD'S DELIRIUM—HE ANTICIPATES HIS SENTENCE—THE END OF LARKIN—MR. AND MRS. LIVINGSTON AT HOME—MARK AND MRS. SEYTON'S VISIT—CONCLUSION.

The sentence of this court is, that you be taken from hence to prison, and from thence, on the 6th of July, you be conveyed

to the place of execution, and there hanged by the neck until you are dead, and may the Lord have mercy on your soul!"

Such were the words of condemnation which rang in the ears of Ralph Lockwood as he stood in the felon's dock six months after the events related in the last chapter. He seemed scarcely, however, to realize their import. He gazed around him with a bewildered look, and uttered not a word when they conveyed him back to prison.

It wanted two weeks to the 6th of July. He had yet fourteen days to live. He retired sullenly to the back part of his cell and spoke to no one. His heart was still callous and hardened. He had not had one sympathizing tear shed for him—not one person lifted up his voice in mitigation of his punishment.

And this was the end of his gloomy, and he was condemned to die the death of a malefactor. But he had yet two weeks before him. He might escape—he hugged that thought to his soul, and waited.

Time sped on—the two weeks had dwindled down to two days, and yet the wretched malefactor did not appear to comprehend that his thread of life was becoming fearfully attenuated. He remained perfectly apathetic. The good chaplain in vain sought to fix his mind on heavenly things. It is true, he listened to him, or appeared to do so, but made no reply. When he was alone he would glare at the stone walls of his dungeon, as if he expected they would open, and he would be able to step out free.

Time sped on—the two days had dwindled down to twenty-four hours. The next day he was to die. The chaplain visited him again that day, but with no better success than before. At night he was alone, and seating himself on his bed, seemed plunged in a gloomy reverie.

"Tap! tap! tap!"

The malefactor started up. What sound was that? How foolish of him! It was some carpenter at work outside, and the sound was produced by the hammering in of nails. At that moment the prison clock struck two.

"Tap! tap! tap!"

How strange a carpenter should be at work at that hour! What could he be doing? Suddenly a light appeared to enter Ralph Lockwood's mind; he started up from his sitting posture, his eyes flashed fire, and he gazed wildly around; his gray hair streamed behind him.

"Oh, God!" he exclaimed; "they are erecting the gallows!"

"Tap! tap! tap!"

The sound again fell on his ear. His apathy all vanished. He was to die—to-morrow! Was there no way of avoiding this dreadful penalty? He rushed about the dungeon—he screamed aloud, and the sound was echoed back by the solid walls. Again the fearful sound broke on his ear. His brain reeled—he was going mad. He tore his hair with his hands; he stamped with his feet. Molten lead was circulating in his veins.

"Save me! save me!" he cried, in an agonizing voice. A laugh of derision appeared upon the only echo he received. In the agony of his fear he had grasped his neck handkerchief without knowing it. In his excited imagination he fancied a hundred fiends had entered his dungeon. Great heavens! they advanced towards him—they seized him by the throat. "Help!" he was struggling! Strangled by fiends! "Help! my time is not yet come! get here this minute! enough to attend the wedding!"

In the face his protruded, and he fell a blackened corpse on the stone floor.

The next morning, when his body was found, it was supposed that he had committed suicide that he might not die a malefactor's death.

Indeed, therefore, of two murderers being executed, one only suffered.

His name, as inscribed upon the coffin, was "John Larkin."

Six months have passed away. Summer has given way to winter. There is plenty of snow on the ground, and the sleighing is excellent.

A handsome sleigh, drawn by two cream-colored horses, stops at Elm Park, now occupied by Mrs. Lockwood, Lewis Livingston and his wife. A handsome man, in the prime of life, descends from the sleigh and hands down his wife. He rings the bell, and the door is opened by Lewis himself.

"My dear Doctor, how rejoiced I am to see you!" exclaimed Lewis, shaking the worthy physician by the hand. "And you too, Mrs. Seyton—how pleased Harriet will be!"

"I tried hard to do so," returned Mark, "but I could not get away—but better late than never. I have made arrangements to spend a month with you."

"That's capital! Come in—O, how delighted we are to see you!"

"You seem very happy," laughed Mark.

"Happy! I am the happiest man in the universe. How could I be otherwise with the dearest, noblest, and best wife in the world. Here, Harriet," continued Lewis, "here's our old friend, Dr. Seyton, come to see us."

A bright step was heard, and Harriet herself entered the room. She threw herself into Mrs. Seyton's arms, and sobbed a joyous sob. Her tears fell thick and fast, but they were tears of joy—supreme joy. She then turned round and welcomed the doctor.

"O! Doctor Seyton," she exclaimed, "how can we be sufficiently thankful for all that you have done for us?"

"My dear girl," replied the doctor, visibly affected, "do not mention it. It was only an instrument in God's hands. But come, we are hungry—we claim something to eat. We have traveled all the way from New York without tasting a morsel."

"How thoughtless of me!" exclaimed poor Harriet, not detecting Mark's ruse to turn the conversation.

They soon after sat down to a handsome collation. Every face wore a smile, and every heart beat with happiness. The young couple had been married a month. The wedding had been a quiet one. They were universally beloved by all who knew them. They were rich and knew how to use their wealth.

During the progress of the repast Harriet again made allusion to the vast amount of obligation they owed to Dr. Seyton.

"I'll tell you how you can repay me," said Mark, with a merry twinkle in his eye.

"How?" asked Kate, eagerly.

"Why, should you need a physician's services, by not trusting yourself to any one excepting myself, and by naming your first boy 'Mark'!"

Harriet blushed, and placed her lily white hand over the doctor's mouth.

And now, dear reader, our task is finished, except to add a few concluding remarks. Our hero and heroine are still living as happy as when they were first married. Gilbert Lockwood, after his father's death, gave himself up entirely to dissipation, and died of delirium tremens. Mrs. Mowbray and her sister emigrated to California, and both succeeded in making good matches. Mary Mayer married, and is now living on her father's farm, the good old man at his death leaving it to her. Dr. Mark Seyton is about retiring from practice, having acquired

a large fortune. He has no children of his own, but is devotedly attached to his godson, Mark Lewis Livingston. And now, dear reader, adieu—no, not adieu, au revoir, for we hope to meet again.

THE END.

GUSTAVE BIDAUX.

This gentleman was born in France in 1830, and when quite young evinced a strong desire for musical honors. He was placed at the Academie and received a thorough musical education. When but nineteen years of age he was instrumental in organizing a musical party in his native place, and for some time they distinguished themselves by their great musical ability, our hero taking an active part. In 1855 Bidaux came to America, and shortly after arriving here played with the then popular Holey and Campbell's Minstrels. Here he became a great favorite as a ballad singer, winning fame and a little fortune in a quiet way. In 1861 he joined Duprez and Green's Minstrels, since which time he has traveled with this company as one of its great features. He is the musical director as well as a ballad singer, and has become one of the most popular in the United States. His singing of the Marseillaise is one of the most beautifully executed pieces of music. He sings it with so much feeling that it always draws forth thunders of applause. Bidaux is said to be one of the best music compilers in the business, he having a happy faculty of adapting almost any piece of music to whatever purpose it may be required. Messrs. Duprez and Green have just made a new contract with him, securing him for a term of five years, at a salary of two thousand dollars a year. This is the longest engagement, we believe, ever made by any member of the burnt-cork fraternity in the country, and it reflects great credit on M. Bidaux, who has made many friends wherever he has been, and has the respect of his managers and co-laborers.

AN ACTOR'S MAKING UP—This is an axiom of the dressing room: "The human face will not take paint until it is shaved." We might add another: "The human face will not take paint until it is washed." So, to begin with, the actor has to shave and wash. Then he has to denude himself of the garments of every-day life—even to the very shirt—and undress himself in other garments, which, in too many cases, have been worn by others, and are, in general, hot, stiff and uncomfortable. This done, he has to seat himself in a chair and have his face painted by a dresser.

Now, there are some things about making up the face which are the most distressing which can happen to a man who possesses any sense of dignity or entertains any respect for his person. To be dressed with a powder puff is pleasant enough; there is nothing very objectionable in having rouge put on your cheeks with a hare's foot; you may even submit with patience to be wrinkled with Indian ink; but what do you imagine are the feelings of a man when his nose, with the view of having a piece of pink cotton wool stuck upon it, is being daubed over with melted glue as if it were the leg of a stool or the knob of a drawer?

Imagine the process going still further, and the contents of the glue pot being smeared over your eye brows, in order to secure the adhesion of two tufts of crimped hair. Nothing but actual experience could give you any conception of the delightful sensation which ensues when the glue becomes dry, and you can neither shut your mouth nor wink your eyes. If we had an enemy and were vindictive, we should desire nothing better than to stand over him and taunt him with his degraded condition when he is having his nose glued. Pulling that organ, pinching it, tweaking it, are nothing—nothing to gluing it!

A ROMANTIC SELL—A romantic incident occurred in Allegheny County, N. Y., a short time since. A couple were married. The bride was beautiful—eyes like the sun and all that. The husband was patriotic; he enlisted—went to war. A libertine from Chautauque County saw the beautiful wife, sought her society, and apparently won her confidence. He proposed an elopement. She assented. He gave her ten \$50 greenbacks to make the necessary arrangements. Meanwhile, I will keep your money as a loan last night, said her husband. "Oh, well, dear, the following tender note was put into his hands—

"Mr. — I have to inform you that 'circumstances beyond my control' will prevent me from fulfilling my engagement to elope with you to-night. I expect my husband home on furlough soon, to spend Christmas and New Year's, when we shall enjoy a hearty laugh at your discomfiture. Meanwhile, I will keep your money as a Christmas present for him, and when this cruel war is over it will come handy to assist him in business.

Yours, tenderly, O. T. N."

MORAL—"Beware of the sliders"—particularly "war widows."

SCENE MATRIMONIAL—WIFE TRIUMPHANT—"Can you let me have money this morning to purchase a new bonnet, my dear?" "By-and-by, love." "That's what you always say, my dear, but how can I buy and buy without money?" And that brought the money, just as one good turn deserves another. Her wit was so successful that she tried again the next week. "I want money, my dear, to buy a new dress." "Well, you can't have it; you called me a liar last night," said her husband. "Oh, well, dear, you know that was only because you are fond of hugging." It hit him just right again, and she got the money and—something extra, as he left his pretty wife and hurried off to business, saying, "It takes a fortune to keep such a wife as you are—but it's worth it!"

THE EXTREME OF POLY—To build a castle in the air, an' expect it to be furnished while the hands 're there, is a pocket. Expecting that box of pills the bout 't' the market for fourpence 't' mak three live as long as Mathusalem. To gie these chucks hot water, under the idea that they'll lay boiled eggs. To suppose that chain the bout at the mock auction for fourteen an' suppose is solid gold. Expectin' that pretty maid to elope with vertizement, the gen' thes' an' put in the "gunpowder Magazine." 't' get thee a partner w' 't' 500 a year. To suppose that can get a time-keeper's place th' havin' the watch that's advertised to keep correct time fur only a shilling.

THE HUMAN VOICE—The range of the human voice is quite astounding, there being but about perfect tones, but 17,300,194,044,515 different sounds. Thus 14 direct muscles, alone or together, produce 16,383 sounds; 30 indirect muscles produce 173,741,293; while all, in co-operation, tell the number already named; and these independently of different degrees of intensity. A man's voice ranges from base to tenor, the medium being what is called baritone. The female voice ranges from contralto to soprano, the medium being termed mezzo-soprano; and a boy's voice, natural, is alto, or between a treble and a tenor.

A RIFLE SHOOTING MATCH came off at Manchester, N. H., on the 25th ult., between the Harford and Williamsville Rifle Clubs. The contestants were: From Harford, Messrs. Stannard, Bassett, Robertson, Mather, Keyson and Parkhurst; from Williamsville, Messrs. Hayden, Green, Williams' brothers, Wheeler, &c. The original agreement was that the rifle should be fired upon a side, but two of the Williamsville club were prevented from attending, and it was necessary that an equal number from the Harford club should withdraw, and Messrs. Potter and Stoddard, two excellent shots, did so, leaving six upon a side. Each rifleman made ten shots, and the result being determined by the aggregate measurement of the shots from the center of the target, the Harford club succeeded in winning by 13 1/2 inches. Mr. Stannard, of Harford, made the best shot, using a Spencer rifle. The contest being decided, a supper followed, the Williamsville club footing the bill, according to the match. The contest was witnessed by a large crowd of friends of both parties, and the best of feeling prevailed when the result was announced.

A HAULING MATCH—between two teams of horses owned respectively by Charles Strong and John Gordon—for \$100 a side, came off at Mount Pleasant, N. J., on the 25th ult. The test was to haul stone on a sled on the bare ground, distance fifty yards. Mr. Strong, who evidently had the strongest team, won the money, his horse pulling 4200 lbs. of stone. This feat is said to have fairly astonished the multitude present, who pronounced it unapproachable. After the above, a quarter of a mile trot, and repeat, for \$50 a side, was contested between John Gordon's black mare and Francis' bay mare, which the bay won.

GOOD FOR PHILADELPHIA—We hazard nothing in saying that the broad-brime have now an institution that will do them good. It is called the "Hazard Gymnastic Association," and has been formed for the purpose of promoting physical development by boxing, fencing, etc. They have secured a fine room and furnished it with the usual et ceteras of a gymnasium. At the meeting held on the evening of March 28th, the following gentlemen were chosen as officers:—President, Franklin Hazard; Vice-President, Charles Earl; Secretary, John L. Geagan.

BILL CLARK TURNED OAKMAN—This sporting California publican recently made a wager that he could row around Yerba Buena Island and back, starting from Vallejo street wharf, inside of two hours, and won his bet right easily, as he made the distance in 1h 14min. The length of course is not stated, but if he can accomplish a given distance in nearly half the time it has taken average rowers to do it, Jimmy Hamill will have to look to his laurels.

QUICK SLAUGHTERING—Two butchers, John Blackburn, of Cincinnati, and John Treiblock, of Chicago, in the employ of B. Beresford, jr., best contractor for the Army of the Cumberland, at Nashville, recently performed the feat of dressing a bullock, weighing 561 pounds net, in the incredibly short time of 2 minutes and 30 seconds, after their usual day's work. So says an exchange.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, APRIL 9, 1864.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

JACK P., Springfield, Vt.—1. Harry Broome and the Tipton Blasher are two distinct individuals. 2. Broome fought seven battles—with Fred Mason, Joe Rowe (twice), Ben Terry, Tipton Blasher, Harry Orme, and Tom Padlock—won four, with Mason, Rowe, Blasher, and Orme. 3. A very hard matter to say without a practical knowledge of their capabilities. 4. Bendigo fought eighteen battles, winning seventeen, and losing one by a foul, with Ben Cant, Champion of England. 5. There is no regularly recognized champion cricket club of England. The honors are about equally divided between the United All England, and the All England Eleven, composed principally of first class professionals. "Gentleman players" sometimes take a hand in with them.

CHARLES, Titusville, Pa.—The following problem has puzzled our billiard players some, and so we submit it to you for elucidation:—A, B and C play a game of billiards of 100 points each. A gives B odds, viz: 25 points in the 100; A gives C odds, and B gives C 20. The game resulted as follows:—B made 75 points before A got his 100—thus beating A; A made 100 points before C got his 100; and C made 60 points before B got his 100, beating B. Now as B beat A, and A beat C, and C beat B, who is stuck, or rather who should pay for the game?..... The above we have submitted to our leading billiardists, who agree that B should "pay the shot."

STURGEON, Albany.—In a raffle of 40 chances the holder of the 16th drew 44, when he had an offer, and accepted it for his chance. At the conclusion, refreshments were called and paid for by the putter up. The case was repeated under the supposition that the winner was to settle. Who is the loser of the drinks, the man who drew 44 or the man who bought the chance?..... The man who bought the chance assumed all its liabilities.

SPORTSMAN, Tarrytown.—1. A party of four are playing whist. A and B against C and D. A and B win all the tricks but one, and hold three honors. What is the count? 2. What is meant by a "book" as some players call it?..... 1. Six by cards or tricks, and two by honors. 2. A "book" is six tricks, and is so called doubtless because many players "book" or pack them together when they get that number of tricks.

JOEL H., Hartford, Ct.—If a good "un to go, call your fine brown stallion CLIPPER; which is the accepted synonym for all that is "speedy." There is no more expressive phrase now used in regard to a fast horse, as you are aware, than "he or she went at a clipping pace." If slow in movement, we beg leave to abdicate the post of "nominator" in favor of Horace the eccentric.

C. C. M., Marlboro, Mass.—1. McCool fought three battles—with Bill Blake, Tom Jennings, and Joe Coburn—won the first two, and lost the last. 2. Morrissey has figured three times, his antagonists being Geo. Thompson, Yankee Sullivan and Heenan. 3. Do you mean horse, man, dog, or what? 4. We know nothing about the parties except by their "adver." 5. About 150 lbs. 6. Neither—Coburn will train in Ireland.

Geo. N., Philadelphia.—1. There is no paper published devoted exclusively to the branches of literature you name. 2. The Presidents of the United States thus far have been Washington, John Adams, Jefferson (twice), Madison, Monroe, J. Q. Adams, Jackson (twice), Van Buren, Harrison, Tyler, Polk, Taylor, Fillmore, Pierce, Buchanan, and Lincoln.

J. P. B. S., Fort Craig, New Mexico.—"In playing cribbage, an ace, deuce and tray are played in that order, making a sequence. I play another ace, and claim another sequence of three. My opponent is right in saying, "You are wrong, and could legitimately have taken the three points for the last sequence."

BUGLER, Warrenton, Va.—We do not understand the game by the name you give it. If the four cards shown down were sure winners, he merely saved time by throwing them; but if there was a chance for his opponent to win, he should have played on.

JACK SPRITE, N. Y.—1. Robert Fillingham's best time in public is 2:24, which he made against Ethan Allen to harness on the Fairview course, 2. He won the 200 yds. race, 3. He never made a wager that he could trot a mile in 2 min. 15 seconds.

JOHN ILLIKER, N. Y.—1. There is no special rule against swift pitching, but the new rules will have a tendency to do away with all pitching that is not marked with accuracy of aim. 2. There is much richness in that nitre poem.

ARINO.—1. James Melville first appeared in this city Feb. 1st, 1858, at the Broadway Theatre, then playing a circus company. 2. He has since traveled over the country with different circus companies. 3. He did travel with the Antonio Bros.

THORO, Newport.—Prize fighters are not made permanently strong by one course of training; it depends on steady exercise, regular hours and plenty of beefsteak. We don't think drinking milk has a tendency to expand the muscles.

READER.—Your suggestions are very correct, and we receive them in the same kind spirit which prompted you, no doubt, to make them. We shall study them over, and see what can be done.

READER, Prescott, O. W.—1. The holder of the double is not obliged to put it on, provided that he holds another trump. 2. He can throw away if he chooses.

CART BAIN, 1st Md. Reg.—"Always in front!"—The fight between Coburn and Price ended in a draw—at its termination Price was considered to have had the best of it.

MASON & CO., Philadelphia.—Twelve cents per line for each and every insertion, with 20 per cent off for three months, for as many lines as you please.

DICK.—"A, B and C are throwing a game of dice; A throws 14—C beats A that 14 don't win. A takes the bet. B throws 14, C throws a lesser number. Who wins?"..... A wins.

E. W. H., Baltimore, Md.—With some players, the dealer can go alone; with others, he cannot. The point should be decided before commencing the game.

EAGLE, Albany, N. Y.—We don't believe the Geo. Baker, of West Troy, is the same party who fought Travers. Probably some of our friends can inform us.

O. R. G., Northampton.—"Fistiana" is not reliable as far as the American P. H. is concerned. 2. For \$1.25 we can send you one. 3. There is an American Fistiana.

G. H. J. SCHUBERT.—1. G. L. Fox was born in Boston. 2. Mrs. W. G. Jones is an English lady by birth. 3. And 4. A matter of opinion.

NYMPH.—1. Formerly Miss Mary Hewins of Hartford. 2. She is not married. 3. A sister to Mrs. Boniface. 4. Call on the treasurer of the Burton Dramatic Club.

17th MASS.—Newbern—Half a dozen or more colored men have fought in the British P. H. besides Travers—Molineux, Bambo Sutton, Mac's Gorilla, Kangaroo, etc.

JOHN LOMAX, Eden Valley, Pa.—You had better pay the postage for three months in advance at the office in your town. If we have to pay it, it will cost you two cents for each copy.

LITTON, O. J. WRIGHT, Haines Bluff, Wis.—We have sent you all the back numbers of the "White Phantom" except two, which numbers we are entirely out of.

JACK TURNER, Boston.—A London letter at our office awaits your order.

AUTHOR PUBLISHER, New Haven.—Send along \$25 and call it "square all round."

A. S., Ellensburg, N. Y.—It was for \$2000, which is equal to \$9,988 American dollars.

J. E. D., Tom Sayers was defeated in a ring fight by Nat Langham.

BROOKLYN.—The dealer and beggar can bunch them by mutual agreement.

T. BURNS, Washington.—The lady has been married for some time.

SLEIGHT, Baltimore.—If Coburn has time to give a farewell in your city, depend upon it you will not be slighted.

BALTIMORE.—He is at present with Manager Grover, at the Chestnut, Philadelphia.

P. S., Schenectady.—Jem Mace was not brought out by Jem Ward, but Tom King was.

R. KELLEY.—The lady lost her husband a few months ago. She is still performing at 444.

T. W. H., New Orleans.—1. No. 2. Jack Randall fought and won sixteen battles. 3. In our opinion, Jem Ward.

A. D.—"Did Berger ever discount Phelan and Kavanagh at the three ball French carom game?"..... Never.

RAES BELL, Fort Scott, Va.—Messrs. Whiting, No. 97 Fulton street, N. Y.

C. C., Pine street, N. Y.—We can not be a party to such a hoax.

M., Hyde Park, L. I.—We can publish no such notice for any one who refrains from giving proper and full name.

JERRY H., East Webster, Mass.—Send along a half dollar. We prefer silver.

J. D. T., Fort Pulaski.—The Alida made the trip from this city to Albany (160 miles) in 6 hours and 21 minutes.

H. P. WILLIAMS.—1. It is a matter of opinion. 2. Little Schults. 3. Cannot say.

ASA L. MILLER, Camp Bayard.—We require a deposit first.

BUS, Lockport.—Will insert them one time for \$1.32.

DICK HOLLYWOOD.—We've got a letter for you.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—In commencing a new volume, we desire it to be understood that all letters on business or other matters connected with the CLIPPER should be addressed to the editor and proprietor, in order that they may come under our own supervision, and to prevent confusion and omission.

CLOSE OF THE VOYAGE.

This No. closes the eleventh volume of the NEW YORK CLIPPER, and the eleventh year of its existence in the newspaper world. During the past year we have enjoyed a degree of prosperity vouchsafed to but few weekly journals, for from the opening of the volume to its close, our business has been steadily on the increase; and that business, it should be stated, being conducted on the cash principle only. Every Saturday shows us a clean balance sheet, every bill against the establishment being liquidated as soon as presented, and nearly every bill sent out by us being likewise honored on presentation. The entire circulation of the CLIPPER is paid for before the week expires, our agents, the "American News Company," giving us their check as soon as our bill is rendered. Our advertisers are equally prompt, scarcely a single bill having to be presented more than once before the cash is forthcoming. On the same cash principle we make all clean on our part. Paper bill, composition, press work, assistant editors, reporters, and everything and everybody in any wise connected with the CLIPPER establishment are paid promptly on or before Saturday of each week, at the close of which day there is not a bill left unpaid. How many journals can say the same? How many can show as clean bill of health as this? For this prosperity we are indebted to our thousands of friends scattered all over the country, many of whom have sailed in company with us ever since our little craft started on its experimental cruise in the spring of 1853, and aided us by their kind advice and patronage in gaining our present position. To one and all, old friends and new, we offer our sincere, our heartfelt thanks. To our advertising friends we also tender many thanks for their favors; we hope they have been equally benefited with ourselves. To show our gratitude for the many evidences of popular favor we have received, we intend to devote some of the profits of the year now closing towards making doubly useful and entertaining the next volume of the CLIPPER. To this end, we shall give our friends a paper one half larger in size, and well filled with instructive and interesting matter. With paper at its present high price, this item alone, it will be seen, will amount to something handsome, and yet the cost to our readers will remain the same as now, and our advertising rates the same. To this item of paper, must be added another for extra composition, and other expenses for additional returns, etc., all of which extra outlay we cheerfully incur as a partial return for the liberal patronage we have heretofore received. We believe the coming volume will be the most interesting of the series; at least we shall use every endeavor to make it so.

THE HEENAN AND KING AFFAIR.

ARRIVAL OF JIM HEENAN.

"ALL QUIET."

JIM HEENAN, brother to John, arrived here on Saturday, April 2d, in the steamship City of Cork, from Liverpool, which port she left on the 19th ult. Soon after he came ashore, Jim called upon us, and we had a conversation with him concerning his brother's late match with Tom King, but nothing fresh was elicited. John Heenan is residing in London, and is represented as scarcely a shadow of his former self, his weight being, as we have previously stated, about 170 lbs.; he is now subject to fainting fits, one of which came on him a few days before Jim left. They were at the dinner table, and John was standing up, about to carve a piece of beef, when he suddenly fell back in a fit, which lasted three or four hours. We asked Jim why his brother was left alone for two days, from the 8th to the 10th of December; he says it was done to elude the police, who were on the watch; in those two days John ate five meals without either McDonald or Jim being present. But Jim suspects nobody, cannot understand what caused his falling off in the ring, and all that. He (Jim) absolves McDonald from all blame. John Heenan still remains quiet; he has no explanation to make, either by letter or through his brother; he is doing nothing except a little "racing business," or turf speculations, and we understand it is his intention to remain where he is.

So much for that. In another column, we give a letter from John McDonald refuting some charges made by a contemporary, and setting himself right before the public regarding his connection with Heenan and his late match. One thing deserves especial attention in McDonald's letter, and that is his total refusal of the charge made by the paper alluded to, that McDonald was in the habit of writing to Morrissey. McD. clinches the nail so tight, and fastens the writer so securely, that he cannot get out of the awkward position in which he is placed. McDonald, it will be seen by his communication elsewhere, wrote but one letter to Morrissey; that letter was sent in our care; we forwarded it at once to Morrissey. Mac's newspaper enemy here would have it appear that while he (McD.) was urging Heenan's friends to bet heavily on Heenan, he was at the same time advising Morrissey to back Tom King. Mac calls upon Morrissey to produce his letter, to give it to us for publication, so that the world can see who is the falsifier; in the meantime, however, we give Morrissey's answer to McDonald's letter, the original of which is before us, from which the reader can judge whether or not McD. advised Morrissey to back Tom King. Here is the letter:—

New York, Jan. 1st.
FRIEND JOHN.—This is the letter of the New Year, and I hope it may be a happy one to you. I received your letter, and was glad to hear from you. From the tone of that letter, you must have been greatly mistaken in the result of the fight; but I could not afford to let Heenan, knowing him as well as I did, and what astonishes me is, that you should have done so after what you said of him in Sayers' fight. I never could afford to back him against any big man that was willing to fight. He was the favorite at 2 to 1, and 6 to 4, and more money was bet on it than on any event that has taken place in America. I tried to save your friend, Thomas Burns, but he would not have it, and the result was that he got overboard. In fact, myself and friends broke all the Heenan men that would bet. I want you to write to me, and give me a good and impartial account of that fight. I remain as ever,
JOHN MORRISSEY.

We leave our readers to judge, from this letter, what was the tenor of McDonald's advice. In justice to Jack, Mr. Morrissey should let us have McDonald's letter for publication.

Heenan's silence continues to widen the breach between himself and some of his former friends. A few even intimate that no one knows more about the real cause of his defeat than himself, and that is one reason that he remains quiet. Great stress is laid upon the fact that Heenan declined the attendance of his brother James and McDonald when he left his training quarters for London; and at his own request McDonald and Jim Heenan left him alone at the house of one of his backers, in London, which house, we believe, is a public resort. At this place Heenan remained two days, and here, no doubt, the plans were arranged by which Heenan should be defeated; here it was that his meat and drink were given him by strange hands; here it was that Tom Sayers was named to act as second for Heenan in place of Jim Heenan, who, McDonald supposed, was to assist him in the ring; here, whatever was necessary to be done to ensure the downfall of the Benicia Boy, was probably done, and done effectually, as subsequent events proved. Jim Heenan tells us that John was in the best of health and spirits when he parted with him on his way to the house of his backer; that he did not manifest the least concern about the issue of the fight, etc. What a change was wrought in him during the two days he was away from his trainers; during the time he was left, at his own request, at a public house in London. What a fearful change! Who is answerable for it? Who gave him his bread, his meat, his drink, while at this house? Who attended to him in any way? John Heenan can tell, if he will. Why does he not give his friends the explanation they desire? Is he fearful of implicating some friend or backer in the transaction, or does he fear that the revelations he can make will implicate himself? What is he afraid of? Let him speak out like a man, if it won't hurt him to do so.

THE LEADING BILLIARD PLAYERS OF AMERICA.—We are now having engraved the "counterfeit presentments" of the leading billiard players of America, in group, for the embellishment of the first number of our new volume. Considering, also, that we come out with new type, new heading, etc., No. 1, Vol. XII, of the NEW YORK CLIPPER will undoubtedly be in great demand. News agents should therefore send in their orders early, in order to get them filled.

THE GREAT CHAMPIONSHIP BILLIARD MATCH.

DUDLEY KAVANAGH, of New York,

vs.

PHILIP TIEMAN, of Cincinnati.

On Thursday, of this week, April 7th, occurs the Championship Billiard Match for the coveted badge of honor, the gold mounted cue, and a ceteras, including \$1000 in greenbacks, at Irving Hall, between the above named renowned knights of the cue. As we reported last week, both men are in health, and in good play. A day or two since, Tieman having just arrived in town, both men called at the CLIPPER office, and paid us "the compliments of the season;" when their mutual bearing towards each other was friendly in the extreme. Reports reach us that Kavanagh is not in his usual form as regards play; but that Tieman is doing about as he likes with the balls. We are told that on the evening of the last inst., while taking preliminary practice by way of keeping their hands in, Tieman "flaxed" both Phelan and Kavanagh. Betting thus far has been very limited, which we account for from the fact that both principals and their friends are on too friendly terms for much rivalry, or consequent bantering. Be this as it may, however, when the shock of battle has once set in, we think greenbacks in any quantity will be forthcoming, as there is a pretty strong delegation of wealthy Cincinnatians in town, prepared to invest on the man of their choice. The quotations, we think, will at the commencement, at least, be in favor of our New York man, but it will depend on their respective play afterwards, what figures will then rule. Those who intend witnessing the match should be on hand early if they wish to secure seats, for Irving Hall, which has been fitted up in the same convenient manner as on former occasions, will be filled to overflowing. Invitations have been sent to Generals Scott and McClellan, and it is fully expected that one or both will be present; and that all things will go off with the greatest ease. We hope it may be so, and close by appending the much hackneyed phrase "may the best man win."

DEATH OF DR. DOLBY.—We received intelligence last week, of the death of Dr. Wm. H. Dolby, in Boston, on the 30th of March, after a brief illness of paralysis. The deceased, who was well known among the conductors of newspapers in New York and Boston, was a native of England, but resided in this country for many years, and engaged in various pursuits, including writing for the public press. Dolby was a finished scholar, a good writer, and a pleasant associate. He leaves a widow to mourn his loss. At the time of his death he was about 54 years of age.

THE GREAT TROTTING MATCH, "Lady Woodruff," presented to the Sanitary Commission by Mr. Bonner, of the "New York Ledger," is to be sold at auction, at Palace Garden, on the 14th of April, at 1 o'clock. For particulars, see advertisement in another column. She is a "fast 'un to go," and there will be a spirited competition, among owners of fast stock, to obtain this prize.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE WORLD.—In a couple of weeks or so we may expect to hear from Jim Mace in answer to Joe Coburn's offer to fight him Ireland, and it is to be hoped that Mace will lose no time in covering the money which Coburn has sent over to bind the match. Joe will give his first exhibition in Boston, on the 9th inst.

THE RING.

ALBANY SHADES, No. 3 EAST HOUSTON STREET.—JOHN DWYER, Proprietor. Mr. Dwyer hereby informs his friends and the sporting public that he has taken possession of the above elegant saloon, famous for its superior wines, liquors and cigars, and hopes by civility and courtesies to merit the continued patronage hitherto so lavishly bestowed upon him. EXTRA NOTICE.—Private Instruction in the Art of Boxing. 52-64

THE X-10-U-S, No. 12 EAST HOUSTON STREET, Four doors from Broadway, New York. ALES, WINES, LIQUORS AND SEGARS OF THE CHOICEST BRANDS. HARRY LAZARUS, Proprietor. 52-64

GRAND SPORTING AND VARIETY ENTERTAINMENT. CITY ASSEMBLY ROOMS IN A BLAZE OF GLORY. Great Turn-Out of Old and Young New York.

THE EXHIBITION A BRILLIANT SUCCESS.

WITHOUT a single exception the complimentary to Messrs. Kehoe and James, at the City Assembly Rooms, on the 31st ult., was the greatest success of the kind in point of attendance and respectability, that ever happened in doors in the Empire City. The Heenan Festival at Jones' Woods may have eclipsed it, but the Belt exhibition was a market to it, and we doubt if the Widow Harrington of Sullivan, and her got-on-up for the poor of Irish the young men at several hundred people, although, perhaps, almost twice the money was raised. A liberality in printing and advertising the unsurpassed programme, and the popularity of the gay and festive beneficiaries, were the materials which caused it to be such a success, for we must say the weather was not very propitious, a drizzly rain coming down all day, accompanied by a regular March wind; but strange to say, it kept cloudy and drizzly up to within an hour of the opening, and in less than an hour after it was over, the rain commenced again and continued for two days and nights. A better advertised show it was impossible to imagine, and to judge by appearances, we should say there were at least three thousand tickets circulated around—everybody seemed to have a ticket; some a dozen, some fifty, and every body went to see it. As early as seven o'clock the staircase and passage-way leading to the hall was completely packed by those anxious to get a good position, and when the doors were opened, the rush was "tremendous and fierce to behold," as the poets sing. Sim Kehoe and "Express" had their hands full to take the tickets fast enough, and Mr. Yeard and Tim Dorney, who looked after the financial affairs, were as industrious as journeymen printers distributing the checks and setting up the currency. At the side galleries, the ushers were Ned's big brother and Saxe, of the Burgh, who had the pleasant duty of showing several ladies the way up stairs, a circumstance which has never happened but once before in the city, last June, when one fair lady was present, sub rosa, and only one. By eight o'clock the grand ball room and side galleries were one mass of happy faces, numbering among their prominent politicians, military men, billiard celebrities, turfites, Ethiopian minstrels, cricketers, actors, and showmen of every description, together with merchants, brokers, lawyers, and all the various professions, literary and scientific. People from Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago, St. Louis, Buffalo, Baltimore, Washington, and all parts of the States, on a visit to the city, were induced to stay over for a few days to see this the greatest event of the season. The agent for the letting of the hall computes the number at between 2,600 and 3,000 people, which at the rate of 50 cents and \$1 a head, ought to realize for the young men a handsome sum after the tickets are collected, and they shall have shared and shared alike. The expenses were pretty steep, but that only added to the attractions, as it was the idea of the beneficiaries to make it a most entertaining affair all round, as well as to introduce several skillful artists before a good audience whose light had hitherto been hid, as it were, under a bushel, or at least confined to their own circle of acquaintance. How they succeeded is now a matter of history. To have the affair off with a *clat*, the efficient services of Mr. Sam Davis were called into requisition as Director of Amusements—a sufficient guarantee of itself that all things would be done well, and in order.

The performance were inaugurated by the Quilzow Brothers, of Burham's Gymnasium, Brooklyn, (in a variety of elegant and graceful postures), attired a la circus, and they exhibited to more perfection than one half of those we have seen travelling with regular circus companies.

Second, Joe Foote, exercising with a pair of 30lb clubs, four different motions.

Third, David Dorian, of Brown's Gymnasium; heavy dumb-bell feats; putting up a 110lb bell with each hand.

Fourth, Ed. Russell, of Brown's Gymnasium; light clubs; introducing all the different motions; elegant and graceful.

Fifth, Ed. Montague, a pupil of Ed. Russell's; light clubs; similar motions; very fine.

Sixth, Fencing, with foils, by Professors Heintz and Friedrich, in appropriate costume, with face masks etc; the finest and most artistic fencing but to be imagined, and highly commended and appreciated by the military, among whom were several colonels; these gentlemen are teachers of the art, widely known amongst our gymnasts, and formerly connected with Mr. Wm. Wood's Gymnasium.

Seventh, David Dorian performed the extraordinary feat of putting up a 110lb bell twice, never before accomplished by an amateur.

Eighth, Mr. James Wambold, the popular Ethiopian comedian, vocalist, warbler, and d-rango-player, of 444 Broadway, sang a favorite melody in black, with barjo accompaniment.

Ninth, The Infant Freddy, little Dick Hill, son of his father, Harry Hill, only six years old, made his first appearance on any stage in the Empire of Old Virginia and a Walk Around. Richard came out in true negro minstrel costume, blue hickory shirt with big collar, knee breeches, regular essee

brogues, and blacked up. His dancing was so good and withal created so much enthusiasm, from the diminutiveness of the performer, that he has since been engaged to dance at two of the aristical benefits, and we hear that the enterprising proprietor of the American Theatre is desirous of securing his services, when Little Mac and Japanese Tommy will have to look to their laurels. Master Richard was only four weeks in learning the steps, under the instruction of Tom Briggs, and to the use of his legs, under the instruction of Tom Briggs, and to the use of his old banjo. "It's a pity he's so young," said one of the lady visitors in our party, who had become quite fascinated with the little fellow, and we must say a smart boy for his years and inches we never saw; he uses clubs, sings, dances, plays the banjo, and—wrestles! He is also the image of his father.

Tenth, Tommy Thompson gave his lightning jig to a favorite break down with banjo accompaniment by Wambold. Eleventh, Johnny Barry, head clerk of the Club Rooms, gave us another fine jig dance, the music being discoursed by one of the celebrated Dobson Brothers on the banjo.

Twelfth, Duet by M. Solomonos and Williams; also a sentimental ballad by Walter Field, and a comic song by John Doherty, the favorite comedian and vocalist.

Thirteenth, The Dobson Brothers in their unsurpassable banjo duets and medleys, giving imitations of birds, bees, and fishes, interspersed with cock-crowing by some personable banjo player, and creating a heap of fun. The Dobson handle their instruments so as almost to make them talk, and what is more have the happy gift of being able to impart their knowledge to others.

Fourteenth, Harry Hill and his monster 35lb club, introducing a variety of motions requiring both strength and skill. After Hill had retired, Joe Foote came forward and wrestled with a 50lb club made expressly for this occasion and called the "Frank Queen," but Mr. Club was most too much for him.

Fifteenth, Sparring by Jimmy Hanley and Ed. Tuohy, Mike Dorsey and Mike Nunn, Jack Hackett and Mike Costello, Paty Marley and Pat Murphy, Charley Lynch and Dick Hollywood, Jim Coburn and Billy McLean, Joe Coburn and James Dunn, and for the concluding act, a masterly delineation of the athletic by Milage Cornell and John Whitney. The sparring was all good, and Joe Coburn made a host of new friends by exhibiting in such fine style, when many supposed he wouldn't spar at all. Thus has passed and gone the finest exhibition ever given in this city, and the parties for whom it was given ought to feel the proudest young fellows in the country that it turned out such a grand affair.

THE CHAMPION'S MOVEMENTS.

As we have no additional foreign papers to hand, we are deprived of dishing up another column containing the different opinions of the Anglo Saxon and Erinian, regarding the respective merits of the rivals, Coburn and Mace. In our own city, many look upon the battle as a sure thing for Mace, and for Coburn's sake, many will have no objection to their keeping on thinking so, as "sure things" most generally are very unprofitable, as has been proved time and time again. Some seem to think that there will be more difficulty in setting this match off than any other, and the big betting sport has been heard to say that the fight can never come off in Ireland, owing to the surveillance of the police, who, owing to the infectious state of the country, are in much stronger force throughout the Emerald Isle, than those of England. This all depends on circumstances, whether the parties want it to come off, or not, but the affair is too far ahead to prognosticate.

There was a rumor current on Saturday that Mace had sent money here to show his anxiety to be on first with Joe Coburn, but this we believe is a mistake, as the money which will be battled from mouth to mouth until Mr. Joseph has shipped to Liverpool. Coburn has sent his money; this we do know, and that shows whether he means it or not. When he was announced by Sam Davis at the City Assembly Rooms the other night, the cheering was as if it came from one man, so unanimous, enthusiastic, and unquenchable, that there was no mistaking the public admiration of his chivalry and daring.

We are inundated with letters inquiring when Coburn will show at this or that place, which it is impossible for us to answer. His time is so limited, that if he puts in an appearance at Boston, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, and some of the other cities, he will have to leave before he can get to give up every other kind of business, and follow Cusick's directions—if he only does this, all will go well. It'd no use to listen to every Tom, Dick or Harry, or for the sake of making a big stake, neglect other and more important business—this won't do, Joe. Make up your mind to go right to work get over all the ground you can, and make all the money to be made by exhibitions, and be prepared to leave this city early in the month of May.

The first grand farewell will be given in Boston on Saturday evening next, when Jim Dunn will spar with the Champion, and he will be assisted by James Cusick, the two Coburns, Mike and Jim, and all the Athenian faculty.

PATY MARLEY'S DEPARTURE FOR PARIS.—At the last staking, which took place at Jack Leonard's, 131 Sullivan Street, the bold Paty's currency didn't arrive until about five minutes before the time, and there were several who thought it would not be forthcoming at all, but we are glad to report that they were disappointed. The seventh deposit is due on Tuesday evening, April 5, at John Ash's, corner of the Pearl and Chatham streets, (we believe this is the correct address).

HARRY LAZARUS' OPENING NIGHT.—Now that everything is all serene at the X 10 U-S, No. 12 East Houston street, Harry Lazarus extends a cordial welcome to everybody and his friend to call on Friday evening, April 8th, when the grand opening will take place, and he will have a "spread" for the boys. Go, everybody!

SPECIAL NIGHT AT IZZY LAZARUS' DANCE.—James Sherman, the worthy chair for Sir John Falstaff, who has been under the weather lately, gives a concert at 238 Centre street on the 7th inst., when IZZY is down for a new and laughable medley song, and all the "locals" will show up.

BILL MCLEAN'S BENEFIT.—Friday, April 8, has been set apart for the benefit of Billy McLean, a very obliging and accommodating gladiator, who has always been one of the first to perform for others, and will no doubt reap the fruit of his sowing. The benefit takes place at the Stuyvesant Institute, 653 Broadway, as above, and Billy has been very painstaking in getting those sparrers who can be most depended upon.

BILLIARDS.

BILLIARDS. IRVING HALL, April 6, 7, 8 and 9. WEDNESDAY, APRIL 6. Afternoon at 3 o'clock, and evening at 8 o'clock, GRAND TOURNEYMANSHIP.

BENEFIT OF THE SANITARY COMMISSION. Tickets One Dollar at each. THURSDAY, APRIL 7.

MATCH FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP AND ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS. Dudley Kavanagh vs. Philip Tieman, of Cincinnati. Play commences at 5 P. M. Tickets \$1 each.

FRIDAY, APRIL 8. BENEFIT OF the WORKING-WOMEN'S RELIEF ASSOCIATION. MICHAEL PHELAN.

of New York and the Holder of the Champion Cue. 1000 points up, caroms, pushed shots barred, the object to pay ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS to the fund of

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Continued from Page 410.

DRAMATIC.

landable beginning of her English dramatic career. She remains in the present week, her engagement closing on the 9th inst. "Caddy's Cove" did well last week at the Howard, Boston. It had to be withdrawn this week to make room for a new sensational drama called "The Sacred Trust," just received from London.

Mrs. Barrow produces the popular burlesque of "The Fair One with the Green Locks" at the Tremont Theatre, Boston, this week. Mrs. Barrow appears for the first time in Boston in burlesque, assuming the part of Graceful. Placide plays Lachrymose. The burlesque introduces Miss Myers, a young lady who made a successful appearance in English opera with the Harrison troupe at the Park Theatre, Brooklyn.

Mr. and Mrs. Barrow are at the Brooklyn Academy this week. They do not open in "The Ticket of Leave Man." At the New Chestnut, Philadelphia, last week, the "Octoroon" was produced in most excellent style, and was the means of attracting large audiences whenever the weather admitted of an urn out. It will be kept.

Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams wound up their season at the Arch, Philadelphia, on the 23d inst., after a profitable series of performances. Nothing new was produced, contrary to expectation. "Rosenda" is the card this week, with Mrs. John Drew in one of the principal characters.

The season of the Metropolitan, New York, was closed on the 23d inst. earlier than was anticipated, owing to the failing health of Manager Meech. The principal part of the company go to Detroit.

Jane English, with her troupe, has been doing well at the Davenport (Iowa) Theatre, which was opened under her management. She has nearly completed the organization of her new company, which will possess many attractive features. The public will be gratified to learn that she will retain the principal feature of her old company, Prof. Maeller, the accomplished violinist. Tip Corey, who has lately made a hit in the histrionic art, will act as agent.

MUSIC HALLS.

We have more than once referred to the somewhat too prevalent practice some performers have of breaking their contracts with managers whenever they consider it their interest to do so. It is to be regretted that some remedy has not been devised to prevent this sort of thing. Among the most recent breaches of faith is that of Misses Kagan and Edwards, who signed a contract with George Lea, of the Canterbury, Washington, D. C., for six months, but a few weeks since, after receiving their usual weekly salary, they suddenly left, without previous notice, and in violation of their contract. Mr. Lea received a letter from them, saying that they had left because, among other reasons, they were not carded according to the contract, etc. Mr. Lea says the real cause was that they were offered more money. When performers break faith with one manager, what reason is there to suppose that they will not do so with another when a dollar or two more each week is the inducement held out? If the gentlemen above named did consider that they had been properly carded, or their merits brought to the notice of the public through the press and programmes, they should have remonstrated with Mr. Lea, instead of leaving without notice, and thereby violating their agreement.

A. M. Hernandez, who has been in the western country for several months, has returned eastward, and will appear at the Casino, Philadelphia, commencing April 1st.

Billy Holmes, comic vocalist, closed a lengthy engagement at Long's Varieties, Philadelphia, on the 23d inst. to fulfil an engagement entered into with Mr. Hitchcock, of Harrisburg, Pa., where he commences on the 4th inst.

Dora Dawson, the double-voiced vocalist, has joined Lea's combination at New Orleans. Master Dan Kutz, big dancer, is among the attractions at Valer's, 611 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

At the Metropolitan, Washington, D. C., of which Robert Gardner & Co. are managers, a pretty good array of performers has been engaged, including W. H. Bartholomew, R. Butler, Frank Mason, G. T. Sheldon, Geo. Miles, Wm. Scott, Ed. Murray, Geo. Murray, P. A. Fitzgerald, G. De Louie, the Misses Anna Ruth, Mary Walton, Mollie Lane, and Mlle. Elise.

Just see here what a combination of talent Geo. Lea now has under his direction, and distributed throughout the country, at his own establishments. Ladies first: Misses Julia Mortimer, Agnes Sutherland, Naomi Porter, Emma Schell, Fanny Wilson, Nellie Rainford, Jennie Engel, Laura Le Claire, Julia Robinson, Tilly Forbes, Fannie Devere, Maggie Mountjoy, Dora Dawson, Mlle. Fowler, Clara Fowler, Jennie Forrest, Ella Forrest, Leonora Creed, Lucy Clifton, Louisa Roullette, Mary Coulson, Annie Bordwell, Mary Lide, Sarah Smith, Josephine Delaware, Kate Fisher, Julia Brown, Jane Edwards, Mlle. Galletti, Mollie, Katrina, Gentlemen—Verrecke, Gibbonise, Charles Collins, Mulligan, Leavitt, Mack, Emerson, McKenna, Armstrong, Tophoff, W. B. Cavenaugh, Chiriski, West, Williams, Donnelly, Dougherty, Deleahanty, Ward, Dick Watkins, W. B. Fox, W. Bordwell, John Hamilton, F. A. Wood, J. Thompson, Josh. Hart, and the Zanfretta Family. Some of these are at the Academy, New Orleans; Canterbury, Washington; and the Melodeon, Baltimore.

The whereabouts of Miss Katy Lee is inquired for by her mother at North Bridgewater, Mass. She was with Frank Rivers about three years ago. Does anyone know where she is?

An entire new company for the variety Music Hall, Albany, N. Y., is advertised for in this issue by its enterprising manager, Samuel Fitzpatrick. Talented males, and fascinating females should make immediate application.

The Levantine Brothers, the acrobats, gymnasts, and pantomimists, now traveling with the Eugene-Ravel Troupe, advertise for engagements in this and succeeding issues of the CLIPPER. They have a reputation for great cleverness in their various performances, for a list of which see advertisement.

A bawdy match is announced to come off on the 11th inst., at New York (Pa.) Melodeon, between Dick McGowan and Harry Mason, for \$100 a side and a silver goblet.

Manager Montpelier opened the Athenaeum, Cleveland, Ohio, on the 29th ult., as a music hall. The hall was crowded, we learn, and everything was conducted with the strictest order and decorum. The company engaged consists of the following: Maggie Nicholas, Nellie Huntley, Miss M. Freerthuyser, Laura Bernard, Frank Wilde, Clara Gibbs, Hank Goodman, D. T. Corrie, Billy Roach and Dan Shelby.

Charley Benedetti put in an appearance on the 22d inst. at Carr's Melodeon, Buffalo.

The National Theatre, Cincinnati, or as it is more familiarly known, Old Brady, continues doing a prosperous business under the management of Mr. William Sinn. In spite of opposition it is a lodestone of attraction, and maintains its drawing power. The "Court of Beauty," the Bonzani ballet troupe, the variety company, the comedians, and combination generally, appear each night in a grand parade of fascination. Marietta Ravel's exploits on the tight rope, without the aid of a balance-pole, are pronounced wonderful.

A complimentary benefit was tendered Miss Nelly Grey, at the Casino, Newark, N. J., on the 1st inst. Among the volunteers were Frank Montford, George Grey, George Robotham, and Jas. Clark.

At the Casino, Newark, N. J., business is reported as having been good since our last. On the 4th inst. Mr. John Denier was announced to take a benefit and make his last appearance. A host of volunteers were to appear. Mr. Denier stated his intentions of crossing the street on a rope stretched from the roof of the Casino to a hotel opposite.

Johnny Ward is at the Varieties, Quincy, Ill. The Freerthuyser Sisters are underlined for an early appearance at this hall.

Mlle. Auguste and Tim Hayes are the principal attractions this week at the Varieties, Chicago.

Rathleen O'Neill concluded her engagement at the Varieties, Chicago, last week.

It is the concurrent testimony of our several New Orleans correspondents, that Lea's Combination Company, at the Academy of Music there, is doing an immense business. One of them says "it draws almost all the play-going population." Nor is it to be wondered at, when we take into consideration the number and talent of the performers, and the consequent great variety of performances given in one night's entertainment. Among the people now there are the Misses Josephine Parker, Clara Fowler, Josephine Zanfretta, Ida Devere, Julia Mortimer, Mollie Fowler, Agnes Sutherland, Mlle. Katrina, Billy Emerson, Mons. Tophoff, Mulligan, Leavitt, McKenna, and Charles E. Collins. Performances are given on Saturday afternoon, as well as evening.

The Baltimore Melodeon is now occupied by a versatile and well-selected company under the proprietorship of the Brothers Oels. Among the principal performers are Josh Hart, J. L. Fox, Laura Le Claire, Anna Bordwell, Julia Robinson, Fanny Devere, Julia Ward, and Josephine Delaware. By way of keeping pace with the times, the two Clays, "both very good souls, very good souls are they," advertise for talent in various departments. See their card in another column.

A shocking affair took place at the Continental Theatre, Philadelphia, on Saturday evening, April 23, by which a young woman met her death. About nine o'clock in the evening in the performance was going on, and the audience was well heard, and it was soon ascertained that the thing had taken place in one of the private boxes. We glean the following particulars of the tragedy from the Philadelphia Sunday papers:—Some time since a young and comely girl, named Maggie, was employed at the Continental Theatre, as a "pretty water girl." After getting this employment she lived at a house on the east side of Fifth street, between Walnut and Spruce, and having for her room-mate a girl named Sally Price. Among the admirers of Maggie was a young man named William Howard Mitchell. Mitchell says he was born in 1844 and is consequently but twenty years of age. His parents reside at No. 10 Poplar street, Wilmington, Delaware. He likes to have spend considerable money upon Maggie, and the latter cared for him to the extent of his means and no farther. The pursuit of Mitchell took him away from the city, and he appears to have been in New York during the greater part of his time. Mitchell says he had other lovers, and this fact caused a quarrel between them. Yesterday afternoon they met at a drinking saloon at the corner of Chestnut and Hudson's alley, and Mitchell gave free vent to his jealous passions and feelings. Last night Maggie, accompanied by two girls, named Mary Davis and Sally Price, attended in the Continental, and occupied a private box. Several men were also in the box with them. The conduct of Mitchell, who was also in the house, attracted the attention of persons

connected with the theatre, and his person was searched to see if he had about him any means of doing mischief. Shortly after, the young man made his appearance at the door of the private box. He was a freeman upon the Baltimore Railroad, and spent a portion of his time in this city. About three months ago he made the acquaintance of a German girl, formerly a water girl at the Continental Theatre, and was seated with another man in the private box before him. Stepping up, he said to "Maggie, are you going to do as you promised?" The girl appeared a little alarmed; she said "yes," in a reluctant tone. "Tell me, once for all, will you go with me to New York?" he repeated, with vehemence. "Yes, I will," was her reply. "I will follow," he said, "and you had better go back upon me. Her manner appeared not to please him. He drew a five-barrelled revolver, and fired it at her. The first discharge sent a bullet through her shoulder. With the face of a demon he again pulled the trigger, and sent a ball through her temple. Before he could be disarmed, he sent a third ball through her head. He entered directly under her right eye. The unfortunate woman died almost immediately, and the theatre at once closed. The man and the body of his victim were conveyed to the station house, where Mitchell behaved in the most frantic manner. The moment he was put into a cell he fell upon his knees and broke forth into a flood of incoherent prayers. Lieut. Henderson brought him into the ante-room. The moment he came out, said he, "My God! say that the girl lives. Oh, does she live? Oh, how I loved her! I've got an old father and mother in Wilmington, and I deserted them for her sake. I did, gentlemen, and see how she used me! Oh say that she isn't dead." Lieut. Henderson seeing that he was nearly frantic, said, "Yes, she lives. 'Oh, God!' he again ejaculated, 'if I could only see her alive, you might take me on and hang me to the next tree. I loved her so. I didn't know what to do with her. I gave up father and mother for her, and she went back upon me. If you can bring her well again, kill me and welcome. I couldn't live without her, and she went with other men.' The lieutenant put him back into the cell; the sob and groans he uttered as he meekly re-entered the cell, will ring in the ears for many a day. We talked with one of the girls who had been her companion at the theatre, and with whom she lived. 'He wanted to be her lover,' she said, 'but I told her he was no kind of a man for a lover. He wanted her to do what went against her, and wasn't for her interest. He gave her money, which she first got quarrelled with her, but I don't think he has given her any lately. She had no lover in particular. She has no friends in the city. What is to become of her body I don't know. I never heard that her parents were living, though she has been well brought up. She was born in Germany. He was of no account, any way.' The following found upon her person, and which were evidently given to the girl—Philadelphia, March 30, 1864. My dear Maggie—I embrace this opportunity of writing to you to inform you I am about to leave for Columbus to-morrow. I could not have wrote until I arrived in York, but I met one of my friends at the depot, and I borrowed the enclosed money of him until I got home. I had not time to come down to give it to you, but I thought I would write a letter and enclose the money in it. Don't let any of them helpers around there know your or my business. Keep everything to yourself. As soon as I arrive in York I will send you the same amount, and direct it as you told me; be sure and go every day to the post office. I have nothing further to say, only be sure and don't drink anything strong, for you know I was opposed to that more than anything else. I want you also to be as little as possible until I return. So no more at present, but give my respects to Andy, Kate and Clara, and accept the love and best wishes of your most ever loving, and most affectionate friend, Wm. Howard Mitchell."

NEGRO MINSTRELS.

The success of Duprez & Green's Minstrels, notwithstanding heavy opposition, continues to be "as you were," and if Manager Duprez does not stop stacking the greenbacks away, Secretary Chase will have to issue more to supply the demand. Referring to the opening concert of the troupe at Syracuse, the *Daily Courier* of that place of the 26th ult. says—"The opening concert by that unrivalled minstrel organization, Duprez & Green's Minstrels, drew a mammoth audience. The body of the hall was literally packed, and the galleries were well filled. It is almost unnecessary to speak of the merits of this troupe, for the reputation that they have already established is as familiar as household words. The company is probably without a rival in the minstrel profession. The quartet, composed of Messrs. Bidoux, Holmes, Green, and Bishop, is seldom equalled, and their superiors are difficult to be found anywhere. Sig. Bidoux is, we think, beyond question, the finest and most effective ballad singer now traveling. His song, 'I'm Lonely since my Mother Died,' was one of the finest things we ever listened to, and was perfectly perfect. The quartet, composed of Messrs. Bidoux, Holmes, Green, and Bishop, is seldom equalled, and their superiors are difficult to be found anywhere. Sig. Bidoux is, we think, beyond question, the finest and most effective ballad singer now traveling. His song, 'I'm Lonely since my Mother Died,' was one of the finest things we ever listened to, and was perfectly perfect. The quartet, composed of Messrs. Bidoux, Holmes, Green, and Bishop, is seldom equalled, and their superiors are difficult to be found anywhere. Sig. Bidoux is, we think, beyond question, the finest and most effective ballad singer now traveling. His song, 'I'm Lonely since my Mother Died,' was one of the finest things we ever listened to, and was perfectly perfect. The quartet, composed of Messrs. 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For full particulars, see Programmes of the day.
45-50-51-52-53-54-55-56-57-58-59-60-61-62-63-64-65-66-67-68-69-70-71-72-73-74-75-76-77-78-79-80-81-82-83-84-85-86-87-88-89-90-91-92-93-94-95-96-97-98-99-100-101-102-103-104-105-106-107-108-109-110-111-112-113-114-115-116-117-118-119-120-121-122-123-124-125-126-127-128-129-130-131-132-133-134-135-136-137-138-139-140-141-142-143-144-145-146-147-148-149-150-151-152-153-154-155-156-157-158-159-160-161-162-163-164-165-166-167-168-169-170-171-172-173-174-175-176-177-178-179-180-181-182-183-184-185-186-187-188-189-190-191-192-193-194-195-196-197-198-199-200-201-202-203-204-205-206-207-208-209-210-211-212-213-214-215-216-217-218-219-220-221-222-223-224-225-226-227-228-229-230-231-232-233-234-235-236-237-238-239-240-241-242-243-244-245-246-247-248-249-250-251-252-253-254-255-256-257-258-259-260-261-262-263-264-265-266-267-268-269-270-271-272-273-274-275-276-277-278-279-280-281-282-283-284-285-286-287-288-289-290-291-292-293-294-295-296-297-298-299-300-301-302-303-304-305-306-307-308-309-310-311-312-313-314-315-316-317-318-319-320-321-322-323-324-325-326-327-328-329-330-331-332-333-334-335-336-337-338-339-340-341-342-343-344-345-346-347-348-349-350-351-352-353-354-355-356-357-358-359-360-361-362-363-364-365-366-367-368-369-370-371-372-373-374-375-376-377-378-379-380-381-382-383-384-385-386-387-388-389-390-391-392-393-394-395-396-397-398-399-400-401-402-403-404-405-406-407-408-409-410-411-412-413-414-415-416-417-418-419-420-421-422-423-424-425-426-427-428-429-430-431-432-433-434-435-436-437-438-439-440-441-442-443-444-445-446-447-448-449-450-451-452-453-454-455-456-457-458-459-460-461-462-463-464-465-466-467-468-469-470-471-472-473-474-475-476-477-478-479-480-481-482-483-484-485-486-487-488-489-490-491-492-493-494-495-496-497-498-499-500-501-502-503-504-505-506-507-508-509-510-511-512-513-514-515-516-517-518-519-520-521-522-523-524-525-526-527-528-529-530-531-532-533-534-535-536-537-538-539-540-541-542-543-544-545-546-547-548-549-550-551-552-553-554-555-556-557-558-559-560-561-562-563-564-565-566-567-568-569-570-571-572-573-574-575-576-577-578-579-580-581-582-583-584-585-586-587-588-589-590-591-592-593-594-595-596-597-598-599-600-601-602-603-604-605-606-607-608-609-610-611-612-613-614-615-616-617-618-619-620-621-622-623-624-625-626-627-628-629-630-631-632-633-634-635-636-637-638-639-640-641-642-643-644-645-646-647-648-649-650-651-652-653-654-655-656-657-658-659-660-661-662-663-664-665-666-667-668-669-670-671-672-673-674-675-676-677-678-679-680-681-682-683-684-685-686-687-688-689-690-691-692-693-694-695-696-697-698-699-700-701-702-703-704-705-706-707-708-709-710-711-712-713-714-715-716-717-718-719-720-721-722-723-724-725-726-727-728-729-730-731-732-733-734-735-736-737-738-739-740-741-742-743-744-745-746-747-748-749-750-751-752-753-754-755-756-757-758-759-760-761-762-763-764-765-766-767-768-769-770-771-772-773-774-775-776-777-778-779-780-781-782-783-784-785-786-787-788-789-790-791-792-793-794-795-796-797-798-799-800-801-802-803-804-805-806-807-808-809-810-811-812-813-814-815-816-817-818-819-820-821-822-823-824-825-826-827-828-829-830-831-832-833-834-835-836-837-838-839-840-841-842-843-844-845-846-847-848-849-850-851-852-853-854-855-856-857-858-859-860-861-862-863-864-865-866-867-868-869-870-871-872-873-874-875-876-877-878-879-880-881-882-883-884-885-886-887-888-889-890-891-892-893-894-895-896-897-898-899-900-901-902-903-904-905-906-907-908-909-910-911-912-913-914-915-916-917-918-919-920-921-922-923-924-925-926-927-928-929-930-931-932-933-934-935-936-937-938-939-940-941-942-943-944-945-946-947-948-949-950-951-952-953-954-955-956-957-958-959-960-961-962-963-964-965-966-967-968-969-970-971-972-973-974-975-976-977-978-979-980-981-982-983-984-985-986-987-988-989-990-991-992-993-994-995-996-997-998-999-1000-1001-1002-1003-1004-1005-1006-1007-1008-1009-1010-1011-1012-1013-1014-1015-1016-1017-1018-1019-1020-1021-1022-1023-1024-1025-1026-1027-1028-1029-1030-1031-1032-1033-1034-1035-1036-1037-1038-1039-1040-1041-1042-1043-1044-1045-1046-1047-1048-1049-1050-1051-1052-1053-1054-1055-1056-1057-1058-1059-1060-1061-1062-1063-1064-1065-1066-1067-1068-1069-1070-1071-1072-1073-1074-1075-1076-1077-1078-1079-1080-1081-1082-1083-1084-1085-1086-1087-1088-1089-1090-1091-1092-1093-1094-1095-1096-1097-1098-1099-1100-1101-1102-1103-1104-1105-1106-1107-1108-1109-1110-1111-1112-1113-1114-1115-1116-1117-1118-1119-1120-1121-1122-1123-1124-1125-1126-1127-1128-1129-1130-1131-1132-1133-1134-1135-1136-1137-1138-1139-1140-1141-1142-1143-1144-1145-1146-1147-1148-1149-1150-1151-1152-1153-1154-1155-1156-1157-1158-1159-1160-1161-1162-1163-1164-1165-1166-1167-1168-1169-1170-1171-1172-1173-1174-1175-1176-1177-1178-1179-1180-1181-1182-1183-1184-1185-1186-1187-1188-1189-1190-1191-1192-1193-1194-1195-1196-1197-1198-1199-1200-1201-1202-1203-1204-1205-1206-1207-1208-1209-1210-1211-1212-1213-1214-1215-1216-1217-1218-1219-1220-1221-1222-1223-1224-1225-1226-1227-1228-1229-1230-1231-1232-1233-1234-1235-1236-1237-1238-1239-1240-1241-1242-1243-1244-1245-1246-1247-1248-12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